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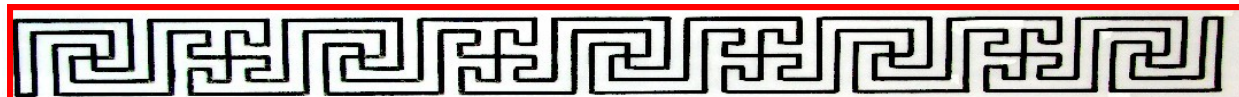
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H.P. Lovecraft on Race and Equality

Howard Phillips Lovecraft (August 20, 1890 – March 15, 1937) was one of the most significant writers of horror fiction in the 20th century. His most famous

contribution was “The Call of Cthulhu”, which introduced the world to a horrible ancient deity, in the form of a

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H.P. Lovecraft on Race and Equality

giant creature who is a cross between a man, an octopus and a dragon. Cthulhu still has quite the cult following to this day, as the dark lord has spawned many movie villains, popular culture references and internet memes.

Although Cthulhu is his most famous creation, Lovecraft wrote many other science fiction stories that shook his readers to the bone. Lovecraft saw a world that is teeming with terror beneath its pleasant veneer, often invisible to human sight and incomprehensible to the average mind.

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents.

Lovecraft has been an icon for the SciFi community, which became horrified in the past few years when his “racism” was brought to the light. In 2013 ThinkProgress published an inflammatory article, H. P. Lovecraft Is Popular Culture’s Racist Grandpa:

But whoa doggy, the dude is racist. And not just in the “oh, he had some unfortunate personal beliefs, but we can overlook them and still enjoy his art” way. His stories often hinge on the idea that “fully human” is English people and people of English descent and creeping up out of the uncanny valley to ruin things for people of English descent are bunches of different groups of people who range from not very human at all—strange islanders and non-white people of all sorts—to people who could almost pass for human, if you weren’t vigilant—like the French.

One of his best stories, “The Shadow over Innsmouth” is all about how a man is rightfully repulsed by the residents of Innsmouth, who have, to put it mildly, interbred with the wrong sorts of people, people they met while they were out sailing around the world, only to discover, to his horror, that he is one of these repulsive people. The story is great and scary and spooky, but the story doesn’t work without the premise that there are some folks we just shouldn’t mix with.

So what do you do with an author who is hugely influential and, in many ways, rightly so, whose work has some enormous problems? That question becomes more interesting and less hypothetical when you realize most, if not all, Lovecraft stuff is probably in the public domain. If you want to try to fix your problems with Lovecraft’s stories, you can.

Oh no, how dare he be against miscegenation! That is totally not politically correct now. Due to this sensational scandal, the World Fantasy award stopped using Lovecraft’s image for their trophy, after much lobbying by authors and readers. The Guardian reports:

The World Fantasy award trophy will no longer be modelled on HP Lovecraft, it has been announced, following a campaign last year that called the author out as an “avowed racist” with “hideous opinions”.

One of the major forces behind the campaign was Daniel José Older, who was nominated for best editor of an anthology. He celebrated the victory against “racism” on social media and then responded to the Guardian’s inquiry by email:

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One Must Overcome the Dead Point

Source: SS Leilheft, 1944, Issue 1 “S”

What is expressed in the following company commander’s field letter should be taken literally. It is about you and me, it affects all of us very personally:

...Despite the hardness of these days we look into the future with confidence. But one uncanny realization often plagues me, namely that the full, in the final sense absolute unconditionality of this war is still completely clear to far too few Europeans. Indeed, it gets around more and more. But the full hardness of the war grips only far too few.

The Bolshevik wants to move west, and with him strides death – for all of us, without exception. We fight over existence or non-existence – all of us, whether we live in the Reich or in Europe’s lands. What threatens us from the east is total destruction of everything we are, however one may label it. And the Russian is strong, especially in the one thing that has previously always decided all conflicts:

attitude. He is so fantastically healthy that even the Bolshevik poison could not hurt him. Rather it works like a fission-fungus, which sets the resting forces into motion, that now follow their law blind and unstoppable. Bolshevism, in the formerly poor Russian history, is a very great event, something that has moved the wide masses of this huge folk and still moves it. The Russians go into this war unencumbered. We carry a rich heritage with us, and it burdens us.

It is like the Führer once said: The last battalion triumphs; in other words, whoever fires the last shot, has won, regardless how the game otherwise looks and where this last German shot strikes. Who five minutes after twelve can still aim his rifle at the enemy ready to fire, has won, even if he stands as one against a thousand.

Bitter weeks lie behind me, weeks full of horrible experience. But we soldiers

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One Must Overcome the Dead Point

here in the east learn a tremendous self-consciousness and sobriety over ourselves. Here we become cleaner, better, harder, healthier. The soldiers who have already held out for over three years in Russia, those are the best men of our folk, by far the best. It is so: one should no longer train recruits in German barracks with shower rooms, beds, lockers etc., rather in filthy nests on the east. One should no longer assemble German divisions in Western Europe, rather in the occupied east.

Recently I picked up two men separated from their unit, who had been in the Hague just ten days before. It is completely clear to us here that at first not much can be expected from such people, regardless how well equipped they may be. It is really a shame about what all is lost in the first fighting. This view spreads more and more. Even troop units that have been in the homeland for a longer time for replenishment or training are no longer worth as much as if they had never been there. One must first overcome the “dead point”; one must unlearn looking back, one must learn that the path to a real and genuine life only follows the detour over the defeat of the opponent, that there is no going back.

The homeland is too beautiful for us; it makes us sick, slack, soft. That has nothing to do with the mood at home. Rather it is the safety, the measuredness of all life to our being, that is what makes us so sick when we return to the Russian misery, to the loneliness and desolation of pitiless demand, which has probably only been so absolutely imposed on the Athenians in their struggle against Sparta, or Caesar in his fight against Vereingetorix.

One must understand that, also purely emotionally, otherwise one succumbs to the tremendous pressure that rests on one spiritually. When one understands that, this pressure disappears immediately. In its place comes the ice-cold, active will to

get at the enemy and to beat him at any price. During my various assignments I have become acquainted with very diverse divisions; some who have been in Russia without interruption since 1941, some in Germany during the war and some that were assembled in France. The last ones are the ones who find it the hardest to get used to the unconditionality of the Russian land in order to gain a clear view for the gigantic possibilities of these expanses, which wait there for European formative energy.

In each head haunts: “Back then in France!”, instead of saying: “Here I am, here I remain – and if it is not so nice here, then it will become nice, that is why I am who I am!” The last, unfortunately, is only said by far too few. If we would firmly bite into the Russian earth – the Soviets would never get rid of us. But, unfortunately, only a few firmly bite in here; others dream about the end of the war at home, but not the end of the war as a free man in the east. And that is a big shame. That is what must come. At that moment the Russian can try whatever he wants; he will not advance an inch...”

If we see the old world in ruins, we do not ask a lot whether much valuable and irreplaceable was lost! That makes sad and weakens the fighting strength. Let us ask ourselves instead whether we still feel within us a spark of that energy that enables us to erect the Reich from flesh and blood. If that is the case – and I know that the best of us possess this rock-hard faith – , then we will also have the strength to build anew the high works where no old wall will still hinder us – in the expanses of the east and over the ruins of the west. Cathedrals fall, their holy substance lives on indestructible in our blood. So we are free for the struggle and will later be free to, in accordance with the eternal substance, to build the new castles of a new time.

Tacitus on German Women

[The Germans] choose their kings for their noble birth, their commanders for their valor. The power even of the kings is not absolute or arbitrary. The commanders rely on example rather than on the authority of their rank — on the admiration they win by showing conspicuous energy and courage and by pressing forward in front of their own troops. Capital punishment, imprisonment, even flogging, are allowed to none but the priests, and are not inflicted merely as punishments or on the commanders' orders, but as it were in obedience to the god whom the Germans believe to be present on the field of battle. They actually carry with them into the fight certain figures and emblems taken from their sacred groves.

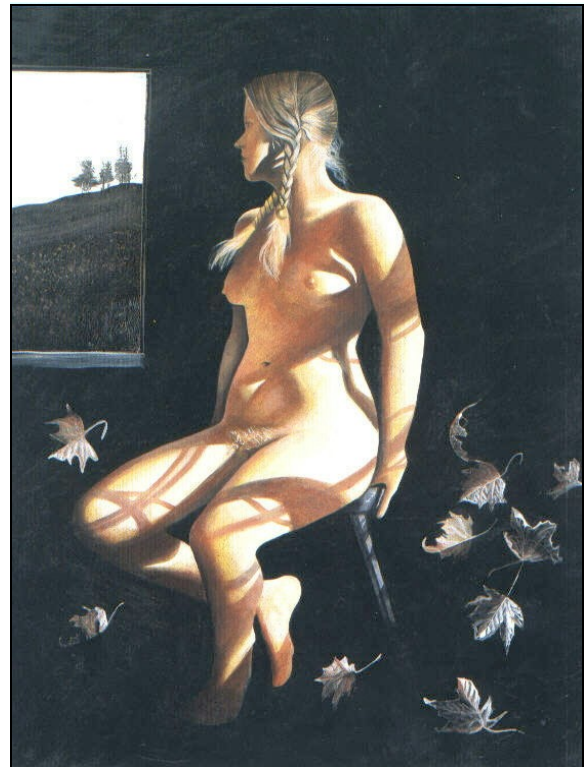
A specially powerful incitement to valor is that the squadrons and divisions are not made up at random by the mustering of chance-comers, but are each composed of men of one family or clan. Close by them, too, are their nearest and dearest, so that they can hear the shrieks of their women-folk and the wailing of their children. These are the witnesses whom each man reverences most highly, whose praise he most desires. It is to their mothers and wives that they go to have their wounds treated, and the women are not afraid to count and compare the gashes. They also carry supplies of food to the combatants and encourage them.

It stands on record that armies already wavering and on the point of collapse have been rallied by the women, pleading heroically with their men, thrusting forward their bared bosoms, and making them realize the imminent prospect of enslavement — a fate which the Germans fear more desperately for their women than for themselves. Indeed, you can secure a surer hold on these nations if you compel them to include among a consignment of hostages some girls of noble family. More than this, they believe that there resides in women an

element of holiness and a gift of prophecy; and so they do not scorn to ask their advice, or lightly disregard their replies. In the reign of the emperor Vespasian we saw Veleda [a seeress who helped lead a revolt against Rome] long honored by many Germans as a divinity; and even earlier they showed similar reverence for Aurinia [another seeress] and a number of others — a reverence untainted by servile flattery or any pretense of turning women into goddesses.

Their marriage code is strict, and no feature of their morality deserves higher praise. They are almost unique among barbarians in being content with one wife apiece — all of them, that is, except a very few who take more than one wife not to satisfy their desires but because their exalted rank brings them many pressing offers of matrimonial alliance. The dowry is

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H.P. Lovecraft on Race and Equality

If fantasy as a genre truly wants to embrace all of its fans, and I believe it does, we can't keep lionising a man who used literature as a weapon against entire races. Writers of colour have always had to struggle with the question of how to love a genre that seems so intent on proving it doesn't love us back. We raised our voices collectively, en masse, and the World Fantasy folks heard us. Today, fantasy is a better, more inclusive, and stronger genre because of it.

Now, to be fair, some of Lovecraft's work could assuredly be viewed by a majority of Americans as being "racist" and "wrong" by today's standards. His 1912 poem "On the Creation of Niggers" is one of the main pieces of "evidence" used in the case against Lovecraft.

*When, long ago, the gods created Earth
in Jove's fair image Man was shaped at birth.
The beasts for lesser parts were
next designed; Yet were they too remote
from humankind. To fill the gap, and
join the rest to Man, The Olympian host
conceiv'd a clever plan. A beast they
wrought, in semi-human figure, filled it
with vice, and called the thing a Nigger.*

How dare he disparage our equal brethren? They never did anything wrong! They have simply been held down by vile racists like Lovecraft.

Lovecraft was an equal opportunity "hater" though, since it was not just the Africans he criticized, but other non-White groups. In one of his letters he described New York's Chinatown as:

a bastard mess of stewing Mongrel flesh without intellect, repellent to the eye, nose and imagination.

While some of Lovecraft's racial writing is similar to his horror fiction in that he describes non-Whites as being like horrid monsters, he also wrote eloquently on the subject. His correct criticisms of equality are almost never brought to light by his detractors, though.

As for the question of superiority & inferiority — when we observe the whole animal kingdom and note the vast differences in capacity betwixt different species and sub-species within various genera, we see how utterly asinine & hysterically sentimental is the blanket assumption of idealists and other fools that all the sub-species of Homo sapiens must necessarily be equal. The truth is, that we cannot lay down any general rule in this matter at the outset. We must simply study each variety with the perfect detachment of the zoölogist and abide by the results of honest investigation whether we relish them or not. And what does such a study tell us? Largely this — that the australoid and negro races are basically & structurally primitive — possessing definite morphological and psychological variations in the direction of lower stages of organisation — whilst all others average about the same so far as the best classes of each are concerned. The same, that is, in total capacity — though each has its own special aptitudes and deficiencies.

Well, that's pretty hard to argue against, is it not?

Source: renegadetribune.com

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Tacitus on German Women

brought by husband to wife, not by wife to husband. Parents and kinsmen attend and approve the gifts — not gifts chosen to please a woman's fancy or gaily deck a young bride, but oxen, a horse with its bridle, or a shield, spear and sword. In consideration of such gifts a man gets his wife, and she in her turn brings a present of arms to her husband. This interchange of gifts typifies for them the most sacred bond of union, sanctified by mystic rites under the favor of the presiding deities of wedlock. The woman must not think that she is excluded from aspirations to manly virtues or exempt from the hazards of warfare. That

is why she is reminded, in the very ceremonies which bless her marriage at the outset, that she enters her husband's home to be the partner of his toils and perils, that both in peace and war she is to share his sufferings and adventures. That is the meaning of the team of oxen, the horse ready for its rider, and the gift of arms. On these terms she must live her life and bear her children. She is receiving something that she must hand over intact and undepreciated to her children, something for her sons' wives to receive in their turn and pass on to her grandchildren.



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